

To Miss LOUISA MILLER

The Maiden of the Rhine

WORDS BY

J. H. NONES

MUSIC BY

H. S. COLMAN



Copy



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MAIDEN OF THE RHINE.

Words by J. H. NONES.

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MODERATO.

Some olden lay at e-ventide she
By silv'ry wave a peasant maiden
sing-eth. Of le-gend wild, or Knight and la-dye love Who bowing
dwelleth, Whose deep blue eyes are laughing rais'd to mine; Whose lips breathe

at the feet of beauty bringeth, The victor's wreath his loyal-ty to
 words that to my heart oft tell-eth, How well I love this maiden of the
 prove, I count not laurel leaf or Knightly power, Nor all the gar-lands victory may
 Rhine. As shine the stars upon the mirror'd ocean, Whose pure calm light looks down upon the
 twine, So I may dwell for aye in vine-clad bow-er, And ever love this maiden of the
 sea, So doth her gaze betray her heart's emotion, And make her presence happiness to
 Rhine. By silv'ry wave &c.
 me. By silv'ry wave a peasant maiden dwelleth, Whose deep blue

eyes are laughing rais'd to mine; Whose lips breathewords that to my heart oft

telleth, How well I love this maiden of the Rhine, well I

love this maiden of the Rhine, How well I love this maiden of the Rhine.

Maiden of the Rhine. 4.

